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THE MUSICAL VERSIONS OF
GOETHE'S "FAUST."BY ADOLPHE JULLIEN.¹

III.

THE OVERTURES OF CHRÉTIEN SCHULZ, OF
FERD. HILLER AND OF R. WAGNER. THE
SYMPHONY OF F. LISZT. THE BALLET OF
AD. ADAM.

Before we come to the four great vocal composers inspired by the Drama of *Faust*, we must add to all these operas, opéra-comiques, musical poems, or collections of melodies, four orchestral creations, — a symphony and three overtures, — in which the authors have endeavored to condense the entire poem of Goethe. They are signed by Chrétien Schulz, Ferdinand Hiller, Richard Wagner, and Franz Liszt.

The first of these *Faust* overtures dates back from the first years of this century, and was composed at Leipzig, between 1800 and 1810, by Chrétien Schulz, who wrote from that time a quantity of overtures, choruses, marches, dance tunes, etc., for the "dramatic" troupe of Seconda, and who every year directed the theatre orchestra during the sojourn of that troupe in Leipzig. This brave Schulz, to-day so completely unknown, had arrived in this city at the age of ten, and never left it. At first a pupil in the Thomasschule, having had some inclinations toward theology, having then turned his attention to music, having studied first with the organist of the castle, Engler, then under the direction of Schicht, he had finally obtained the place of director of the weekly concerts of the city, and he died in that position in January, 1827. He had spent seventeen years in office, had lived fifty-three years, and forty-three years in Leipzig.

Hiller's overture to *Faust* is a work of the youth of the celebrated *Musikdirector*, who composed it and had it performed in Paris, during the eight years he spent there from 1828, in order to establish his growing reputation as pianist and composer among French amateurs. At the same time that he was producing himself with success by the side of pianists such as Liszt, Kalkbrenner, Osborne and Chopin, he could, thanks to the fortune of his family, organize grand meetings with orchestra to submit his principal compositions to the public. It was in the second of these concerts, given in December, 1831, in the hall of the Conservatoire, that he brought out this overture to *Faust*, as well as a symphony and a concerto for the pianoforte.

Fétis, whose declared hostility towards what he calls the romantic school is so well known, judges with comparative indulgence the work of the young composer; but not without first bringing an inditement against French and German musicians, "who, like Berlioz and Hiller, try to follow up the revolution which Beethoven wished to consummate in music, and who are borne by their tastes and their conviction toward a vague style, where melodic charm is replaced by images more or less happily expressed; where variety, the fruit of an imagination without bounds, disappears before one dominant thought, with which the composer is always preoccupied, and to which he attaches all his ideas of melody, of rhythm, of modulation and of harmony . . ."

Having once enunciated his grievances against this poetic music, which to-day appears so just, so elevated, Fétis examines the symphony at considerable length, finding in it a fatiguing uniformity of thought, an irksome monotony, which outweighs the real beauties of the work; then he proceeds in these terms: "The overture for Goethe's *Faust*, having a definite subject, ought to be more easily comprehended; accordingly it had success among the audience. Yet I confess, the success has not absolutely convinced me in favor of the system adopted by M. Hiller. I saw indeed that he wished to paint the three characters of the drama: *Faust*, *Mephistopheles* and *Marguerite*; but in this very design one might meet with a variety of effects which I have sought in vain. The color is generally sombre, and the rhythm too uniform. I have no doubt of the affection which M. Hiller has for this piece, several parts of which are, for the rest, very remarkable; one never adopts half-way a system which he believes good, precisely because he has faith, but at the age of M. Hiller it is easy to modify oneself; and I believe that he will modify himself with time." The observations of Fétis were as vain as his hope, and M. Hiller had the good sense not to modify in anything his tendencies nor his so-called system.

But Liszt conducted not only the works of others; he also directed his own, and he composed many of them at that period; he wrote then and published his twelve *Poèmes Symphoniques* for orchestra, his symphony *La Commedia Divina*, after Dante, his Mass for the consecration of the basilica at Gran, a quantity of works for the piano, and finally his symphony of *Faust*. He was inspired by the poem of Goethe in the largest fashion, without endeavoring in any way to translate its dramatic episodes. He only wished to portray and sum up, in three pieces very different in character, the three principal personages of the drama; he has professed to give, in some sort, a musical and psychological synthesis of each of them. It is certainly a singular idea to wish to personify *Faust* in an *Allegro*, *Marguerite* in an *Andante soave*, and *Mephistopheles* in a *Scherzo molto vivace ironico*; but the very strangeness and the difficulty of the enterprise were just what would excite such an artist to attempt it, — one for whom the new has always had so much charm, and who, to inspire

himself with Goethe and to measure himself with Berlioz, would doubtless be unwilling to do anything which any one would have done before him.

The first piece of this symphony is built upon an agitated and impassioned phrase of the violins, which a short entrance of the bassoon connects with a sombre and threatening introduction. This characteristic melody of *Faust* has power and spring; it develops well and reappears each time with new instrumental resources, with a new increase of sonority, until it dies out at last in a long *smorzando*, as the doctor, after vain convulsive efforts to seize the youth that flees him, falls crushed under the weight of a life all doubt and ennui. Such is the general plan; but these different resumptions of the symbolical motive, which form the unity of this long piece, are traversed now by short melodies, now by long episodes designed to render all the movements of the doctor's soul. Weariness of existence, involuntary return to the springtime of life, doubt and disgust for all things human, mysterious appeals of love, dull sensations of terrestrial indulgence, — all these shocks of the human mind, all these fluctuations of the old man at once tired of life and eager to enjoy, has the composer sought to translate by sonorous combinations the most diverse that can be imagined.

The *Andante* entitled *Marguerite*, rests upon two tender and dreamy phrases; one, sung first by the oboe on a *batterie* of altos, then taken up in duet by the flute and clarinet, before reappearing in the violins in a mysterious *tutti*; the other, of a more amorous expression, more abandoned with its very marked syncopation on the third beat, expounded in turn by the quartet of strings and by that of the wood wind instruments, which are not slow to melt away in a vaporous melody. The middle of the piece is filled by a passionate melody which the violoncellos and the violins sing with interchange of parts under a soft murmur of flutes united with the second violins; then the primordial phrase reappears under an uninterrupted stroke of the first violins and brings happily back the amorous plaint of *Marguerite*. These various sounds are soon lost in silence; the altos alone repeat discreetly a few notes of the first melody; all is hushed; *Marguerite* succumbs to the temptations of the Demon and sinks into the arms of her beloved.

After the seduction and the gushes of tenderness, the strident laughter of the Devil and the frightful cries of the *Sabbath*; after the swoons of love, the despairing remorse and the menacing appeals of hell; *Mephistopheles* has lost the soul of *Marguerite*, but he has gained that of the doctor, and the demons celebrate the victory of their lord and master. This infernal tableau offered an irresistible attraction and an assured success to a composer so well versed as Liszt in the management of the orchestra, and who knows so well how to draw from the instruments all that they can give — and even a little more. And so this diabolical finale has been successfully treated by him even to the most bizarre and most audacious effects. All Hell resounds

¹ We translate from "*Goethe et la Musique: Ses Jugements, son Influence, Les Oeuvres qu'il a inspirées.*" Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN, Paris, 1880. — ED.

in his orchestra, and these thousand instruments hissing, growling, gnashing, howling, give to the damned a concert terrible in a different way from so many other rose-water hells where the demons sing waltzes to distract themselves, and where the sinners express their suffering by imitating the sound of the wind in the trees. This explosion of sardonic joy is suddenly arrested when the human voices unite themselves with the orchestra; the basses, aided by an organ or harmonium, then intone the final chorus under a mysterious beating of bow instruments. This *Andante mistico*, which closes the whole symphony, is truly of a beautiful character and develops itself with a remarkable placidity after so many bursts of laughter and of fury; the choir of men, alternating with the tenor solo, above the groanings of the organ and the broad strain of harmony united with the brass, calmly terminates this trilogy of doubt, love and hate, letting us hear the *chorus mysticus* which Goethe has placed at the end of the *Second Faust*: "*Alles vergänglichliches ist nur ein Gleichniss; . . . das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*"

Just ten years after Hiller, Richard Wagner wrote, also at Paris, *A Faust Overture*, during his first sojourn among us, at the same time that he finished his *Rienzi*, with a view to our Grand Opera, and composed the *Vaisseau Fantôme* (Flying Dutchman), the overture of which was inspired by the recollection of the terrible storm which had assailed him on the passage from Riga to Boulogne. Maurice Schlesinger, the publisher, who, on the recommendation of Meyerbeer, had taken an active interest in bringing forward his young countryman, giving him orders for some critical or musical labors with salary enough to supply his most pressing wants, had obtained a formal promise from the musicians of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, that they would try a piece by his protégé and execute it in a public concert, if it should seem to them to merit that honor. Happy in this assurance, Wagner wrote with inspiration this overture, which, in his thought, was not to remain isolated, but to form the first page of a grand symphony summing up the entire drama of Goethe; and the artists of the Conservatoire tried the piece, "which appeared," as Fétis says, "one long enigma to the executors." To produce such a lucubration in public was a thing not to be thought of; and the author had to guard his precious work for better times. But it was written that this overture, composed in Paris for Parisian amateurs, should be performed in Paris, as in fact it was—at the end of thirty years. On Sunday, March 6, 1870, M. Padeloup gave it a hearing in the Concert Populaire, but without great success, and without making any great stir, for that hearing has never yet had a morrow.

Nevertheless this production of the youth of the celebrated composer is quite superior to his operas which date from the same period; it is in fact much more personal, and indicates in the author a maturity of mind, a full possession of himself, not met with to an equal degree in *Rienzi*, nor even in *The Fly-*

ing Dutchman. This overture, bearing the impress of a power, a passion, a melancholy, raised to the extreme, is like a work apart in the entire work of Wagner. It does not in fact affect that form of an immense *crescendo* which was to inspire the master with his magnificent overtures to the *Flying Dutchman*, to *Tannhäuser* and to the *Meistersinger*; it is of a conception not more admirable, but more free, which permits him to follow nearly all the phases of the original drama and to translate them and accentuate them with a surprising truth. This incessant contrast of force and of gentleness, this perpetual shock of joy with sadness, these delicious melodies suddenly cut short with a cry of rage, these outbursts of gasping passion traversed by melancholic effluvia, these transports of fury followed by mournful despondency, this calm disillusion of the beginning, these fierce infatuations which plunge mind and body into a complete annihilation, form together a conception *hors ligne*. This overture, then, with that which Schumann was destined to compose later, offers the most admirable synthesis that can be found of Goethe's drama. We have unfortunately but an overture; we should no doubt have to-day a whole symphony, if the doctors of the Conservatoire had not, in their infallibility, condemned this creation of genius as a "long enigma."

Ten years after Wagner had written his overture, twenty years after Hiller had composed his, Franz Liszt approached the same subject, and wrote not solely an overture, but an entire symphony, a purely orchestral work, at the end of which merely there is joined a choir of men to reinforce the peroration. Liszt must have been much more taken with the dramatic legend of Berlioz than with the poem of Goethe; and if he undertook to translate it into music in his turn, it must have been from admiration for the creation of Berlioz, and from an ambition to measure himself on the same field with the great French musician. Two facts seem to prove the justice of this inference: first, the dedication of the work—Berlioz had dedicated his *Faust* to Franz Liszt, Liszt dedicated his to Hector Berlioz;—then the date of the composition, for this symphony was written during the years which followed the appearance of the *Damnation de Faust* in France and in Russia. It was in 1848, two years after the first and unfortunate hearing of the *Damnation de Faust* at Paris, that Liszt, forced by the political events to interrupt his musical peregrinations to the four corners of Europe, took definitive possession of his functions as first capellmeister at Weimar, never absents himself unless for rare musical festivals and short journeys, consecrating himself entirely to the amelioration of the Chapel of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and of his Opera which, unrenowned before, soon fixed the attention of the whole musical world. It was on this stage, in fact, that there were represented at that time, through the care and under the direction of Liszt, the principal works of the greatest contemporary composers, particularly those of Schumann, Berlioz, and Richard Wagner; first, that incomparable chef-d'œuvre,

Lohengrin, played for the first time in 1850 under the direction of Liszt, and dedicated to him by the author; then, in the following years, *Genoveva* and *Manfred*, by Schumann; *Alfonso and Estrella*, by Schubert; other new operas by Sobolewski, Raff, Lassen, Cornelius; finally *Benvenuto Cellini*, in reparation for the check experienced by that fine work in Paris, and for which the Parisian public has not yet made the *amende honorable* to Berlioz.

Gluck composed a ballet of *Don Juan*, Adolphe Adam wrote one upon *Faust*. The idea, in either case, was singular, and I should not dare to affirm that the idea was justified in the execution, with Gluck any more than with Adam. It was during a stay of nine months in London, in 1832, that the future author of *Le Chalet* accepted the strange proposition to write the music of a ballet composed by the dancer Deshayes on the poem of Goethe. It is true that this proposition was made to him by his brother-in-law, Laporte, who had taken the direction of the King's Theatre; it would have been cruel to refuse this *scenario* in three acts, which they laid upon his arms while pressing him to compose it during the short visit which he was about to make in Paris to assist at the first representation of *Le Pré aux Cleres*. Adam labored very actively upon this new work, and when he set out again for London on the 21st of January, 1833, his score was completed. It was immediately put in rehearsal, and the ballet of *Faust*, danced and done in pantomime by Albert, Perrot, Coulon, Mmes. Pauline Leroux and Montessu, all artists of the Grand Opera of Paris, was played at the end of February or the beginning of March. "The success was very great," writes Adam, "even for the music." The final remark is becoming, for such an enterprise is more bizarre than glorious, even after a success, and a little modesty was very well in such a case.

We have rapidly passed in review nearly all the composers who have not feared to measure themselves with the sublime conception of the German poet. There remain yet four, whose works, to be surely judged, ought to be studied at some length: these four composers are,—in order of date,—Spohr, Berlioz, Schumann and Gounod.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE ONSLOW.

[From the French of A. MARMONTEL.¹]

I shall now search back amongst the memories of my childish days, memories which are still fresh and green in my recollection though belonging to the distant past, and endeavor to describe the sympathetic character of George Onslow. He first directed me in my artistic career, and became, later on, my affectionate and attached friend. Endowed with a charming disposition, a thorough gentleman by birth and feeling, an eminent musician, few figures in the gallery of modern composers stand out in clearer relief or possess a more penetrating charm.

The great French symphonist and composer of chamber music, which in Germany ranks with that of the most celebrated masters, never labored under any uncertainties as to his musical voca-

¹ Translated from *Le Ménestrel* in the London Musical Standard.

tion, and his profession was not interfered with by other and more material necessities. His father, Sir Edward Onslow, was a member of the English aristocracy, and it was during a tour in France that he made the acquaintance of Mlle. Bourdailles de Brantome, a lady of great beauty. They were married shortly afterwards, in 1783; the bride possessing youth, beauty, intelligence, and a considerable fortune as her dowry. George Onslow was the son of this union, and was born on the 27th July, 1784:

Lord Onslow, the grandfather of the young George, wished his grandson to live with him in London, in order to take charge of and personally supervise his education. He was taught music merely as an accomplishment and a pastime, but this pastime soon became full of seduction for the child. Hulmandel, Dussek, and Cramer were successively chosen to teach the piano to the young patrician; but Cramer's lessons in particular left a lasting impression on his mind. Thirty years later, when I was still almost a child, he spoke to me about him with great enthusiasm. It was owing to this careful training that George Onslow acquired in a few years brilliant execution, intense love of music, and a fine deep touch, as well as that *legato* manner of playing which was the basis of the teaching of Clementi, Dussek, and Cramer. Onslow retained all his life the traditions of that school which were so well appreciated by his friend Camille Pleyel. And yet, strange to say, this youthful enthusiast, full of delight at interpreting anything musical, pleased at overcoming any difficulty, and bringing out the finest qualities of the instrument, had no ambition to become a composer.

Nothing denoted the musical fecundity that lay dormant in the young man. When he returned to live with his family in Auvergne, where his earliest days had been passed, he seemed destined to lead the life of a country gentleman, residing on his own estate, with a taste for literature and the fine arts generally, but with no desire to attain to more than mere brilliancy of execution in music. George Onslow, however, soon began to experience that fever which Halévy so well describes in his "Souvenirs and Portraits"—that indefinable but intense sensation which he who loves his art, and finds in it priceless treasures, experiences, and yet all the while lacks the power, enthusiasm, and comprehension which alone are the key to masterpieces causing sublime inspirations to blossom into life.

All Onslow's biographers, enlightened as to this part of his life by the master's own avowal, mention the astonishing fact of the musician endeavoring for nearly four years to compose, and finding himself utterly unable to do so. He was insensible to the masterpieces of dramatic art, and was even indifferent to the beauty of Mozart, though eventually he became one of his most ardent admirers. Intense intuition of the beautiful preceded his direct perceptions, and the desire to attain an ideal easier to divine than to grasp, at last conquered this *inertia*. The experience was long and discouraging. Mehul's overture to "Stratonice" finally accomplished the prodigy, though it was not solely owing to that work that this miracle was performed. Onslow's love of art was the supreme initiation.

In order to comprehend more thoroughly Mozart, Haydn, Boccherini, and Beethoven—those masters of chamber music—and to take an active part in the execution of their trios, quatuors, and quintets, Onslow studied the violoncello. He even acquired some proficiency upon this instrument, for which, later on, he composed with marked predilection. Encouraged by his friends, who were as enthusiastic about music as himself, Onslow made his first attempts at composition in 1806, at the age of twenty-two.

But from being unacquainted with the study of counterpoint, and completely inexperienced in the art of developing his ideas, it only resulted in an elaborate copy of Mozart, without the genius of the master.

This work, however, served as a basis for further study, when George Onslow received instruction from Reicha, whose lessons he pursued with that determination which was so characteristic of his temperament. It was at the house of his friend Camille Pleyel that the young amateur composed his first quatuors and quintets for stringed instruments—violins, alto, and basso; his first trios for the violin and basso, and his beautiful sonata for the piano. His individuality slowly began to assert itself from the imitations of style which had both guided and led away the budding composer; but the absence of early study was still visible. Freedom and clearness in musical dialogue were still wanting, so—following Haydn's example—at the age of forty Onslow began to study counterpoint. He learned rapidly and thoroughly, and from that time the composer felt himself sustained by a real knowledge of his power.

Then began a period of retirement and labor more known to myself personally than to the world in general. My childhood was passed at Clermont, and I was fortunate enough to gain the affections of the celebrated musician. George Onslow spent part of the winter at Clermont, passing six weeks in Paris, and remained during the whole of the summer at his Chateau of Chalandrat, near Mirefleur, a small town where my grandfather, who was a friend of the Onslow family, was born. Here the composer lived with his family and a few intimate friends, amongst whom were MM. Murat de Sévres and de Pierre. His friends were a source of great encouragement and support to him. I have often been present at his receptions of chamber music, and have preserved a lively recollection of the sympathy which existed between the audience and the interpreters. George Onslow's reputation increased rapidly, seconded as it was by his interpreters—Baillot, Tilmant, Kreutzer, Vidal, Norblin père, Alard, Sauzey, Cuvillon, Dancel, Franchomme, and Gouffé, who were among those invited the beginning of every winter to attend the first performances, which were as a rule enthusiastically received.

In 1842 George Onslow was elected a member of the French Institute in place of Cherubini. The dramatic works, "L'Alcade de la Vega," "Le Colporteur," "Le Duc de Guise," three symphonies, seven trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, thirty-six quatuors, thirty-four quintettes, a sextuor, septuor, duets for piano and violin, sonatas, one pianoforte sonata, and various themes, formed at that period the extent of his musical compositions.

The name of George Onslow was long celebrated and popular in Germany; it ranked with our neighbors, who are good and impartial judges of the merits of foreign composers, with those of the greatest symphonists; and as an author of chamber music his name was coupled with the immortal ones of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. But in France, with the exception of a small number of real musicians, the majority of the public only knew of Onslow by his lyrical works, which were not received with much enthusiasm. The composer of symphonies and chamber music remained unknown to the mass of the people, who only appreciate theatrical music.

In 1829, George Onslow, who was always fond of the pursuits and amusements of a country gentleman, and was a great lover of the chase, nearly lost his life in a boar hunt which had been got up in his honor. He was stationed near some trees, which partially hid him from the rest of

the party, and fired at a boar which passed near. He missed it; but one of the huntsmen had noticed a rustling in the bushes near where George Onslow stood. He fired, and the shot hit the composer full in the face, instead of the boar.

His recovery was long and tedious; his fine, clear cut features were not disfigured, but this accident was the cause of a partial deafness, which increased every year. This deafness was less painful than that to which Beethoven was a martyr; nevertheless, it threw a gloom over our illustrious compatriot, and caused him to feel discouraged and melancholy. Other causes added to his despondency. He suffered at not receiving from France the justice rendered by Germany to his works, and the admiration there accorded to his chamber music. I have often heard him speak bitterly of that want of appreciation which saddened his last days.

George Onslow died on the 3d October, 1852. His friends can remember how much sympathy for the man was combined with admiration for the composer. The best portrait of George Onslow is by Grenedon, but I do not require to see it to recall to my remembrance that handsome face, with its clear cut, noble features, one of the finest types of the great Anglo-Saxon race, softened and perfected by a mixture of French grace. His high forehead, Bourbon nose, the perfect oval of his face, his arched and smiling mouth, frank and genial expression were most attractive. He was tall, and his easy, graceful carriage added an additional charm of stateliness and dignity.

CRAZY CRITICS.

The following (says the London *Musical Standard*) has been brought to our office by a queer-looking individual, who stated that he had written to Franz Liszt to offer his services as analyst, whenever the Abbate wrote another Epic of Hades, and had sent this article as a specimen of his critical acumen. The advanced composer, however, declined to have anything to do with him, on the ground that he was evidently demented, and saw more in music than the composer had ever intended should be in it—a failing with which his (Liszt's) school had no sympathy whatever. The writer of the article confessed to us in confidence that he was a "Crazy Critic," and that he differed in only one point from many other critics—he was crazy, and knew it; while they were crazy, and didn't know it:—

"The next item in the programme was the—th Symphony of L. Van Beethoven. This important work is one of the immortal nine composed in one day to the order of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The story of the composer's wife keeping him awake with fairy tales to enable him to finish his task within the allotted time, is well known. This set of nine is, in its turn, part of that glorious series of twenty-one, familiarly referred to in the 'Esoteric Critic' as: the full score of Beethoven's Symphonies in all the major and minor clefs, and including, among the rest, the popular Pastoral, 'Moonlight,' 'Reformation' and 'Blue Danube' Symphonies—the third named of which will rank high even when compared with such masterpieces as the 'Battle of Prague,' the March from 'Athalie,' and the overture to 'Tancred.'

"The opening movement is in one of the master's characteristic moods. His individuality is reflected alike in the rallentando treatment of the wind, and the half scornful, half beseeching tone of the syncopated passage for the drum—an instrument which, since the time of our own Orlando Gibbs, has rarely been treated with such felicity as in the present movement. As Fétis, in his standard *Traité de l'Instrumentation*, has

justly observed, the management of the drum is the one mark by which genius is distinguishable from mere talent:—"The capabilities," says he, (we quote from memory), "of the violin, the horn, the flute, and the thorough-bass, may be taught in the schools; genius alone can probe the hidden recesses of the drum." Though briefly developed, this movement is nevertheless replete with feeling and floritura.

"The succeeding Non Troppo served well to display the penetrating adagio quality of the double-basses and oboes; while the bravura passages assigned to the horns were delivered with a sympathetic appreciation of the composer's hidden meaning. We observed, by the way, that the players of these instruments used fresh mouth-pieces for this section of the work—a truly original idea; interesting, moreover, as showing the ready command of the composer over the resources at his disposal. By the simultaneous employment of the *ritardando* and *accelerando*, a climax of an exciting nature is skilfully worked up, culminating, most unexpectedly, in a discord of the prepared sixth. The repeats were delicately played, and the resolution of the well-known double-bass produced all its customary effects. A passage in the *réprise* of the leitmotif suggests to us the thought—"Was not comic opera, after all, Beethoven's true mission?" But man is the creature of his own age. To Beethoven was the task assigned, of perfecting old material; the glory of originating a new form of art was reserved for the present age, and for Offenbach.

"The *Andante*, a soft and vivacious movement, consisting, as it does, of a binary counterpoint in the octave, three against two, might by some be considered pedantic, but, to our mind, is redeemed by the flowing staccato melody for the clarinets, oboes, and bassoons, accompanied by an expressive pizzicato on the reed instruments. A note in the programme informs us that the movement is written in five parts. Of these, we confess our preference for the second, third, and fourth, though the opening and conclusion are also deservedly admired. In the *Scherzo* the composer reverts to one of the old forms perfected by his talented countryman, J. S. Bach—a composer, the trifling and *ad captandum* nature of whose compositions procured him an ephemeral popularity, but whose works are now rarely heard except as act-music at some of our provincial theatres. The rapid dramatic passages for the horns were delivered with a brilliancy, and a purity of tone, that left little to be desired. In this movement an ethereal effect is obtained by causing the violins to be played 'con sordini,' i.e., without rosin. We are informed by a dilettante friend, that the same end may be gained by freely soaping the strings of the instrument. It would be interesting to know whether this process, which seems to be not without its advantages, has been brought to the notice of the masters of the craft. In the *Finale*, science and genius combine to enthrall the listener. The composer is here at his strongest. By turns, he enchants and terrifies. Whispers of hope are succeeded by wails of despair. The movement is a complete epitome of man and his destiny. Whole doctrines are set forth in single notes. Systems of philosophy are refuted within the space of a double bar; while, here and there, the curtain is momentarily raised that divides the known from the unknown, and, for a short time, man is brought face to face with the mystery of existence, grasping the illimitable, sounding the unfathomable. Every member of the band becomes for the moment an inspired Hebrew—a Heaven-sent messenger of the decrees of relentless Fate; while every member of the audience yields himself up to the dominant harmony, and blindly, yet thankfully, clings to the guidance of

the leading note. Swept along by the full torrent of passion, the enraptured hearer is hurried onwards into the frenzied whirlpool of the Coda, where every truth that has been set forth at large before is now resumed in brief. By an uncommon, but not, we believe, unprecedented *tour de force*, the master has here made every instrument play a different tune, in a different key, and in a different time. The crisis reached, the sound gradually dies away, as the exhausted fancy softly sinks to earth; the meek bleating of the trombones proclaiming in language that only the scoffer can afford to despise as meaningless, that there is hope for man beyond the grave.

"Mr. X. was a graceful conductor; and it seemed to us, as far as we could judge from our somewhat distant seat, that his gestures followed implicitly the windings of the music. Although we should be sorry to miss the *chef d'orchestre* from his accustomed throne, we think it our duty, in the interests of the art, to inquire whether his movements have not a tendency to distract the attention of the performers. We observed that several of the latter from time to time threw an eye in the direction of their chief.

"With regard to the performance, though we have no wish to be unduly severe in criticising the efforts of amateurs, we would suggest that the tempi of the more strictly minor passages might have been taken a shade flatter. It is by attention to minor details that general effect is secured. For the rest, the bars were nicely accented; many of the instruments seemed to come in very appropriately, and the clarinets struck us as being fairly in tune."

JULES BENEDICT.

The following account of Sir Julius Benedict's artistic career is taken from the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*—edited by George Grove, D.C.L.:

"Sir Julius Benedict was born at Stuttgart, November 27, 1804. Sir Julius is one of the most eminent of the numerous foreign musicians who have settled in England since Handel's time. As composer, performer, and teacher of music, he has now held an exceptionally high position in this country for upwards of forty years. After studying under Hummel at Weimar—during which he saw Beethoven (March 8, 1827)—he was, in his seventeenth year, presented by the illustrious pianist to Weber, who received him into his house, and from the beginning of 1821 until the end of 1824, treated him, in Sir Julius's own words, 'not only as a pupil, but as a son.' At the age of nineteen young Benedict was, on Weber's recommendation, appointed to conduct a series of operatic performances at Vienna. A few years afterwards we find him as *chef d'orchestre* at the San Carlo at Naples, where he produced his first opera, *Giocatta ed Ernesto*—a work which seems to have been too German for the Neapolitan taste. On the other hand, *I Portoghesi in Goa*, which Benedict composed in 1830 for Stuttgart, may have been found too Italian for the Germans; since, unsuccessful in the city for which it was specially written, it was warmly received by the operatic public of Naples. The youthful master, who showed himself a German among the Italians, and an Italian among the Germans, went in 1835 to Paris, at that time the headquarters of Rossini and Meyerbeer, a frequent place of rendezvous for Donizetti and Bellini, and the home of Auber, Hérold, and Adolphe Adam, of Halévy, Berlioz, and Félicien David. At Paris, Benedict made the acquaintance of Malibran, who suggested his visiting London: and from 1835 until now, we have had Weber's favorite pupil residing permanently among us. In 1836 Benedict was appointed to the musical direction of the Opera Buffa, started by the late John Mitchell at the Lyceum Theatre. Here he brought out with success a little work called *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, originally given in 1836 at Naples. In 1838 he produced his first English opera, *The Gipsy's Warning*—known in the present day to those who are not acquainted with it as a whole by the very dramatic air for the bass voice, 'Rage, thou angry storm.' Benedict was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre as orchestral conductor throughout that period of Mr. Bunn's management during which Balfe's most successful works were brought out. To this period belong Benedict's finest operas, *The Brides of Venice*, and *The Crusaders*, both produced at Drury Lane under the composer's immediate direction. In

1850 Benedict accompanied Jenny Lind to the United States, and directed the whole of the concerts given by the 'Swedish Nightingale,' with such unexampled success, during her famous American tour. On his return to England he accepted an engagement as musical conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards at Drury Lane, whither Mr. Mapleson's establishment was for a time transferred. When in 1860 Mr. Mapleson was about to produce (at Her Majesty's Theatre) an Italian version of *Oberon*, he naturally turned to the composer who, above all others, possessed the secret of Weber's style, and requested him to supply the recitatives wanting in the *Oberon* composed for the English stage, but absolutely necessary for the work in Italianized form. Benedict added recitatives which may now be looked upon as belonging inseparably to the Italian *Oberon*. Eighteen hundred and sixty was also the year of Benedict's beautiful cantata on the subject of *Undine*—produced at the Norwich Festival—in which Clara Novello made her last public appearance. In 1862, soon after the remarkable success of Mr. Dion Boucicault's *Colleen Bawn*, Benedict brought out *The Lily of Killarney*, for which Mr. Boucicault (probably in collaboration with Mr. Boucicault) had furnished the excellent libretto. In 1863 he composed the cantata of *Richard Cœur de Lion* for the Norwich Festival of that year. His operetta, *The Bride of Song*, was given at Covent Garden in 1864; his oratorio of *St. Cecilia* at the Norwich Festival in 1866; that of *St. Peter*, at the Birmingham Festival of 1870. As 'conductor' at chamber-concerts, where the duties of the musician so entitled consist in accompanying the singers on the pianoforte, and in seeing generally that nothing goes wrong, Benedict has come at least as often before the public as in his character of orchestral chief. With rare interruptions he has officiated as conductor at the Monday Popular Concerts since they first started, now some sixteen years ago. His own annual concert has been looked upon for the last forty years at least as one of the great festivals of the musical season. There is no form of music which this versatile composer has not cultivated, and though more prolific masters may have lived, it would be difficult to name one who has labored with success in so many different styles. In 1873 a symphony by the now veteran composer was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace; and a second in the following year; so that a complete edition of Benedict's works would include, besides ballads and pianoforte fantasias, operas, oratorios, and cantatas, compositions in the highest form of orchestral music. Sir Julius received the honor of knighthood in 1871. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday he was named Knight Commander of the Orders of Francis and Joseph (Austria), and of Frederick (Württemberg). It was determined in the same year, by his numerous English friends, to offer him a testimonial 'in appreciation of his labors during forty years for the advancement of art, and as a token of their esteem.' In accordance with this resolution a service of silver, including a magnificent group of candleabra, was presented to Sir Julius the following summer, at Dudley House, before a number of the most distinguished musicians and amateurs in London. Besides being a member of the before-mentioned Austrian and Württembergian orders, Sir Julius Benedict has been decorated by the Sovereigns of Prussia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Portugal, and Hanover."

With regard to Sir Julius Benedict's instrumental compositions, orchestral or otherwise, there is a good deal to be added to the foregoing, besides something to elucidate. The *scherzo* from the symphony in G minor, for example, had been played at the Norwich Festival previous to its admirable performance (in 1873) at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Manns. The symphony No. 2, in C major, on the other hand, has never been given entire at the Crystal Palace, or elsewhere. It may here not be inappropriate to notice what is passed over in the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*: viz., that Benedict has conducted the Triennial Norwich Festival twelve times, beginning from 1845 (when he succeeded the late Professor Edward Taylor). This explains his having composed three cantatas, *Undine*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and *St. Cecilia* (which has no pretensions to be an "oratorio,") for that important triennial event. At the last festival (1878) he produced his *Küchen von Heilbron*, an overture intended to illustrate the well-known drama of Heinrich Kleist—if not, indeed, to serve as prelude to an opera bearing the name and telling the story of Kleist's impressive work. To all his operas and cantatas, as well as to his oratorio, *St. Peter*, Sir Julius has written overtures; so that these may be understood in connection with the works with which they are allied. But independently of opera, cantata, and oratorio, he has composed what may be designated as "concert-

¹ Twenty-one years.—W. D. D.

overtures," of which the subjoined may be accepted as a tolerably correct list:—*Raoul de Creguy*, 1830 (for Berlin; the *Minnesinger*, 1842; a "Festival Overture," in D, for the opening of the new Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (the annual series of concerts held, in which he has conducted since the demise of Alfred Mellon); overture to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, 1854; overtures, *The Bride of Song* and *Prince von Homburg*, 1864 and 1865; overture to *Macbeth*, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal; and two overtures—*Return of the Crusaders* and *Azel and Walburg*, never yet made known to the public. Apart from symphonies and overtures, however, Sir Julius Benedict has written other instrumental works, among which may be named a *Rondo Brillante* in A flat (1824), a *Concertino* in the same key (1830), a *Concerto* in C minor (1849), and a second *Concerto* in E flat (1870), all for the pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments. The *Concerto* in C minor was played by Sir Julius himself, at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, not long before his departure for the United States with the then famous Jenny Lind. Three years later (April 25, 1853) it was performed at a concert given by the Harmonic Union, a society of which Mr. Benedict himself was conductor, by Mme. (then Miss) Arabella Goddard, who has also played the *Concerto* in E flat at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at the Crystal Palace, and at the Birmingham Festival of 1867—the year of the production of Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* and John Francis Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*.

The *Quartet for stringed instruments*, in C minor, is the second composition of this form from the pen of Sir Julius Benedict, one in E major (still in MS.) having been written as far back as 1825. The *Sonata* in E minor, for pianoforte and violin, has also two precursors—the first in D minor, Op. 1, published in 1822 by Peters of Leipzig, and dedicated "to his beloved master, C. M. von Weber," the second in A major, composed in 1824, and still unpublished. He has, moreover, composed two sonatas for pianoforte alone—one in E, "Op. 2" (1824), another in D minor (1825), "Op. 4."

The *Quartet* and *Sonata*, introduced for the first time before an English audience on the occasion of Sir Julius Benedict's recent benefit concert in St. James's Hall, were written in London—the *Quartet*, in 1872, the *Sonata* in 1868.

That Weber treated Benedict "not only as a pupil but as a son," may be gathered from the letter addressed by the composer of *Der Freischütz* to the father of the young student, who, having terminated the period of his apprenticeship, was on the point of starting to rejoin his family at Vienna. Coming from such a source, this letter is worth being made public, and a translation is subjoined:—

"If God grants Julius the perseverance and modest humbleness of the true artist who pursues his art for art's sake only, added to his eminent gifts and talent, he cannot fail to achieve considerable success in the world; provided he does not endeavor to sow and reap at the same time, and to snatch in a few months what for others is the labor of so many years. For myself, at least, I can solemnly assert and know that I have neither neglected, kept back, nor overlooked anything which, according to my belief, could make him a thorough artist and man. I could read to him from the book of experience, and have done so with affection, strictness at times even, with words of deep earnestness. I pray God vouchsafe his best blessing on his exertions."

Had Weber lived to see the result, he would in all probability have admitted that his hopes were fulfilled even sooner than he had anticipated.

*The overtures to the *Tempest* and the *Minnesinger* were written expressly for the Norwich Festivals. *The Bride of Song* is an operetta virtually the same as *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, originally produced at Naples. It was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1864. *Der Prinz von Homburg* is another drama by Heinrich Kleist.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.

JOACHIM AND CLARA SCHUMANN.

There are reports of an intended visit to this country by the great violinist,—too good, we fear, to be true. But let us hope that he will come, and with him his wife, the admirable singer. We have had hopes before now that both Mme. Schumann and Joachim, so long associated in artistic labors, would one day let themselves be heard in America; but we fear it is too late to expect all that. Meanwhile we are tempted to

draw from our reminiscences of a week spent in Dresden, twenty years ago, when it was our privilege to enjoy the friendly acquaintance and the daily performance, in rehearsal or in concert, of that noble pair of artists.

It was in Leipzig, one October evening, after a Gewandhaus concert, while the wild harmonies of Schumann's *Manfred* music were yet ringing in the brain, that we took up the *Zeitung* and there read that on the morrow evening two of the noblest interpreters of the noblest in German art, whom more than any two perhaps we wished to hear and know, and to whose fame the readers of this Journal were not strangers would commence a series of three musical soirées in the Hotel de Saxe at Dresden. Is it not enough to say that these were Clara Schumann and Joachim!

It is but four hours by the railroad. So off we start in the cold, foggy morning, seeing nothing nor caring much to see, while whirled across those flat, uninteresting battle plains that stretch beyond Leipzig. A white, dry fog; there is a sense of promise in it; and by the middle of the forenoon the warm sun glows through, revealing through a hazy and poetic atmosphere, a picturesque succession of red-roofed towns, and little vine-clad hills (nothernmost region of the grape this!), with pretty glimpses of the Elbe sparkling across green fields, and, beckoning in the distance, the domes and spires and palaces of Dresden. At noon we cross the stone bridge, over the swift, broad river that comes sweeping round through "Saxon Switzerland," whose hazy purple outline already tempts you on the far horizon,—the blue Elbe cradled in Bohemia—and enter the stately, cheerful city, and are soon housed in the pleasant hotel in which the concert is to be. Seated at the table d'hôte, there is a vacant chair beside us. Presently a sense of somebody entering and asking for somebody; and somebody introducing himself with cordial hand-grasp, and sorry to have been engaged in rehearsal when our letter was sent in, and "shall we talk German or English?" (of course we choose the latter), has taken the vacant seat, and we are in full tide of eager conversation, as clear to one another as old friends, and in instant rapport on most topics of most interest to both. We talk of the "Diarist," whom he knows and esteems; of music, from Bach to Wagner, of the first of whom he is one of the truest exponents, entering into the very spirit of him, while he can afford to admire much in the latter; of Art, mutually pleased to find that each had been thinking of Kaulbach as a sort of Meyerbeer in painting. We talk of Emerson, of whom he is a warm admirer, familiar with all his writings, and delighting in such free, quickening mountain air of thought; of America, whose generous idea and destiny he understands, and has more interest and faith in, than I have found before in Germany; of England, and the rival musical critics, Davison and Chorley, both of whom he esteems, and Macfarren more than either; of what music has to offer us in Leipzig and in Berlin, in Dresden and Vienna, and in his own Hannover; of Schumann and his noble artist widow; of Liszt at Weimar, and of his *partie* in Germany, and what not.

Our companion is a strong, broad-shouldered, manly looking fellow, of two or three years under thirty; with a massive, overhanging brow, Beethoven-like; a heavy mass of rich dark hair; large, gray, earnest eyes; pale face, full of intellect, of firm will and genial good feeling; a certain gleam of genius in those eyes; a somewhat knotted habit of the brows, as from intense, concentrated brain-work, and a strongly marked, almost severe look when the face is in repose; but quickly lit up with glad recognition, or softened with tender sympathies; the sunshine of a cordial, generous, social nature breaks out in an

instant from those eyes. Decidedly a strong, fresh, wholesome individuality; generous and sunshiny; full of friendliness; moody withal, and capable of feeling bored; high-toned, brave, and genial, both in our English sense of hearty, and in the German and artistic sense, implying imaginative, creative energy—the adjective of genius. A large and catholic view of men and things; and a strong character. You do not often find all these traits in a virtuoso; and this is no mere virtuoso; this young man is Joseph Joachim; who, though his chief medium has been the violin, has made himself more known and deeply felt by a certain magnetism of genius and of character that works behind all that.

And now—begging our friend's pardon for thus unceremoniously and bunglingly attempting his portrait—let us leave him to the drudgery of putting on strings, while we talk a walk on the Brühl terrace along the Elbe, over the bridge and back, and by the royal palaces and church and theatre, coming unexpectedly upon the newly erected bronze statue of Weber by the way; and back to the hotel to find ourselves in the evening in the pretty concert-saal, where are assembled all the beauty and refinement of Dresden musical society, awaiting the beginning of the first concert. It is a small hall, holding perhaps, from six to seven hundred persons, and is completely full. This is the only regular concert hall in Dresden, strange to say; and even the symphony concerts of the fine large orchestra, which Rietz directs, have to be given here. Here is the programme:

Sonata (D minor, Op. 121) for piano and violin, played by the concert givers	Schumann.
Cavatina, from the "Swiss Family,"	Weigl.
Ballade (G minor), piano played by Clara Schumann,	Chopin.
Allegro brilliant, 4 hands, by Fri. Marie Wieck and Mme. Schumann,	Mendelssohn.
Sonata for Violin, by Joachim,	Tartini.
3 Lieder: a "Im Freien,"	Schubert.
b "Schneeglöckchen,"	Schumann.
c "Er ist"	Schumann.
Sonata, (A minor, Op. 23) for piano and violin, Beethoven	

[We are writing twenty years ago, mind, and will continue now in the first person singular].

Of the first piece, as a composition, I can hardly venture to speak after a single hearing, and at this distance of time. It certainly interested me much, and impressed me with that sense of depth and power and passion, with passages of playful fancy of quite exquisite individuality, that Robert Schumann almost always gives me. But it was one of his latest and by no means clearest works. It is a high and worthy mission which Madame Schumann takes upon her, of interpreting to the world, through her wonderfully perfect pianism, so genial and so classical, the, as yet, but poorly understood and undervalued creations of her talented husband's genius. Of her I can speak, for the impression is distinct; how could it fail to be! She has the look, the air and manner of the true artist and the noble woman. Her face is full of sensibility and intellect; large dark eyes, full of rich light, and lips that always quiver with the exquisite sense of music. A large, broad forehead, and head finely shaped, with rich black hair. The profile is just that of the twin medallion portrait which represents her with her husband; but the face and head are wider than that had suggested to me, and indicate a greater weight and breadth of character. The features are in constant play, lit with enthusiasm, as if the music never ceased. Her technique as a pianist is beautifully smooth, clean and perfect; she has mastered all that, years ago, under the severe but admirable teaching of the old Wieck, her father. There is an inexhaustible energy in her playing, when she deals with the strong tone-poets such as Beethoven; you miss none of their fire and grandeur. I never heard more sustained nobility of play, nor more facile, nor more finely finished.

But such an artist does not play to exhibit her own skill; but to bring out and present in all their individuality, in just the right light, the beauties she discerns and feels in those creations of the masters which are worthy of such illustration and will live. She is a thorough musician; has a clear and true conception of all the classics, the inspired tone-poems of the piano; and an equal contempt for all trivial or weakly sentimental show-pieces; to the performance of mere operatic fantasias, and the like, she never condescends. Mere brilliancy is nothing; she knows the real gem from the bit of glass that also sparkles in the sun. Her thorough acquaintance with her memory of, all the principal sonatas, trios etc., of Beethoven and other masters is remarkable; in the rehearsals her memory often is the test to which the correctness of differing editions of the parts is referred. I have heard no more satisfactory rendering of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart or Haydn. Of Schumann's music she is, of course, the interpreter. The Ballade of Chopin, and all that I have heard her play of him, were admirably executed by her, especially the brilliant side of Chopin; but I would not dare to say that I had never heard the peculiar individuality and fineness of that poet *par excellence* of the piano, brought out with a more intimate and sympathetic truthfulness. Altogether, Clara Schumann seems to me the noblest, truest type of the artistic woman that I have known, with the exception of Jenny Lind. Not that she has the same force of genius, or the same all-conquering magnetism. Without magnetism, of course, a great singer were inconceivable. But she has the same artistic feeling and entire devotion to the pure ideal. She is a living impersonation of the artist conscience, aided by rare native faculties and rare educational experiences. She is gifted alike with sharp, discriminating insight, and with unflagging enthusiasm. Some think she has not so much warmth as critical correctness. But she is a woman, large-hearted, loving, full of sensibility, as well as a skilled, clear-sighted critical musician. Her art is religion to her; relates itself to the very ideal end of life. If she has not creative genius, if she does not compose, if she gives readings, no one can doubt the fervor with which she loves her authors, nor the deep genuine joy with which she reproduces them.

It surely was a privilege, and not a shade of disappointment in it, to sit there and hear sonata-duos of Schumann and Beethoven rendered by those two large-brained artists. They have played much together, sympathize in tastes and principles, maintain the same uncompromising attitude of loyalty to truth in Art, agree in their conceptions of what they play together, are equally above all drawbacks of uncertain skill, and so are perfectly sure of one another in what they undertake. It is rarely that such artists meet in any work.

Of Joachim's playing one owns first of all its magnetic, searching, quickening quality. It is not a violin, but a man that speaks. There is a feeling of depth and breadth conveyed in what he does. He draws the largest and most marrowy tones out of his strings that we have ever heard. There is force of character in every sound; and yet the most subtle, fluid modulation through all shades of feeling, the tenderest as well as the strongest. And nothing seems dramatically got up for mere effect; it all comes so natural, so real that you yield yourself entirely to the music, and never think to analyze, to mark just what is done. It is alike full of passion and of self-possession; strong emotion and repose. I had heard that Sonata of Tartini, with the *trillo del diavolo*, finely played before; but never did it present itself in half so vivid colors as when he played it. In Joachim's playing I never thought

to notice in what particular technical feats or qualities he shone, or how he compared in any of them with others. These were all forgotten in his music. Nor did he, the virtuoso, ever place himself between you and the music. Dignity, nobility of style, depth of feeling, and a certain intellectual vigor characterized his playing. But if we are asked, wherein above all he shows the master, it is in what may be called *contrapuntal* playing. This is much more than giving out full chords with the melody; it is the giving of a distinct individuality to each of the four parts in the harmony; it is the eliciting of a virtual quartet from a single violin. This makes him preëminently the player of the violin sonatas, preludes and fugues, toccatas, etc., of Sebastian Bach; and indeed, this art he must have learned from his deep, close study of the violin works of Bach and from his earnest penetration into the very spirit of Bach, into the very soul of his method. Among all violinists, and all virtuosos, Joachim is the greatest Bach-ist. That height won, all the rest is easily and of course his. •

The only disappointment of this evening was that there was no Bach in the programme. But I was easily reconciled, knowing how soon that satisfaction was in store for me. The next morning we had more long talk together in the artist's room, and then he fulfilled his promise of playing to me Bach's *Chaconne*, the noblest of all violin solos that I had ever yet heard: It was without accompaniment, complete in itself as Bach wrote, and, as Joachim plays it, not to be improved by even Mendelssohn's piano part. How the inspired sounds filled the room like a great flood of tone, and filled the soul of listener and player, and how the former felt that those whom he will never see on earth again must hear (for what so bridges over the gulf between time and eternity, as music that is so true and great?), it were idle to attempt to tell. In that listening I incurred a great debt which only a renewed life can pay. Visitors came in; Capellmeister Rietz, Concertmeister Schubert, Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish novelist, and an intelligent, enthusiastic, gentlemanly musician, the conductor of the Tonkünstler-verein, a social club mostly of accomplished musicians, who compose an orchestra, and meet once or twice a week to practice the less known works of Bach, Handel and other old writers; and he invited us to the club room in the evening to hear so rare a curiosity as a couple of the famous Hautboy Concertos of Handel. From there I went to the Royal Gallery of Paintings, and was soon seated in wonder and transport before the incomparable "Dresden Madonna" of Raphael. Was it not a work of inspiration? The parallel between Raphael and Mozart has been often drawn. I could not but feel the force of it after seeing this picture. As Mozart said of his own music, here was a work which must have stood before its author's mind at once, whole and entire in all its parts, completely realized in one fusing instant of genius at its full heat. It is beauty, loveliness, holiness itself. Was not that a morning to thank God for? The *Chaconne* of Bach interpreted by Joachim, and the loveliest of all Madonnas, realized by Raphael! Nor was that all.

NEXT SEASON'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

The Harvard Musical Association has mainly planned its Symphony Concert scheme for next season, and the prospect appears promising for a brilliantly successful series of performances. This will be the 16th season of the association, and eight concerts will be given in the Boston Music Hall on Thursday afternoons as follows: Nov. 18, Dec. 1, 16, Jan. 6, 20, Feb. 3, 17, March 3. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will conduct the concerts, and the orchestra (including Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic orchestra) will be as strong

in numbers, and even better in discipline, than that which gave such general satisfaction last year. Among the orchestral works in contemplation may be named the following:

Symphonies. Haydn, in C (No. 3, Rietz-Biedemann), first time. Beethoven, Nos. 7 and 8. Schumann, "Cologne" (E flat). Gade, in D minor (with pianoforte), first time. Berlioz, *Symphonie Fantastique*, second time. J. K. Paine, "Spring," second time. Raff, in G minor, first time. Symphony by Saint-Saëns, first time. Ferd. Hiller, "Spring," first time.

Overtures. Gluck, "Iphigenia" (or "Alceste"). Mozart, "Titus," Beethoven, "Leonore," No. 3. Spohr, "Faust." Mendelssohn, "Melusina." Schumann, "Manfred" and "Julius Caesar." Bennett, "Wood Nymph." And for the first time: Berlioz, "Carnaval Romain"; Goldmark, "Penthesilea"; Reinecke, "Hakon Jarl"; Bazzini, "King Lear."

Miscellaneous. Bach, Pastoral from Christmas oratorio. Beethoven, Adagio and Andante from "Prometheus." Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the Reformation symphony. Schumann, Overture, Scherzo and Finale. Berlioz, Marche Nocturne, from "L'Enfance du Christ," second time. Wagner, "Siegfried Idyll." Bennett, prelude and funeral march, from "Ajax," first time. Dvorak, Slavonic dances, first time. Norbert Burgmüller, Andante (with oboe solo) from symphony in D, second time. Liszt, "Orpheus" (short symphonic poem), first time. Goetz, intermezzo from symphony in F. Fuchs, serenade, first time.

Other works may be found desirable and practicable as the concert season approaches. Solo artists, vocal and instrumental, will be announced in due time. Subscription lists for season tickets, with particulars, will be opened early in the autumn. Meanwhile, any persons eager to lend assurance to the enterprise by an earlier pledge for tickets have only to send in their names to the chairman (12 Pemberton square), or to any member of the committee, as follows: J. S. Dwight, C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, B. J. Lang, S. B. Schlesinger, Charles P. Curtis, S. L. Thorndike, Augustus Flagg, William F. Apthorp, Arthur Foote and George W. Sumner.

In addition to the above, there will be, presumably, another series of the popular concerts of the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Mr. Bernhard Listemann; and probably Mr. Theodore Thomas, no longer tied to Cincinnati, will again organize an orchestra to travel through the cities, taking with him the Hungarian pianist Joseffy, who by a sudden somersault has vaulted over from the Chickering to the Steinway instrument. There has been much interviewing and reporting, and even controversial gossip about it in the musical and music-trade papers of New York, into which we do not care to enter; but whether Joseffy will ever play upon a better piano than those which he has used already in this city, remains to be proved. Thomas, with Joseffy, in the Boston Music Hall, any way, will be a strong attraction.

PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

The annual graduation exercises at this world-renowned institution for the education of the blind are always an occasion of interest. Yesterday afternoon there assembled an audience which completely filled the chapel, and which included several prominent gentlemen, including Governor Littlefield and Secretary of State Addeman of Rhode Island, Hon. J. W. Dickinson of the State Board of Education, and several clergymen. The chapel was prettily decorated, and the pupils occupied seats facing the audience. The exercises in charge of the superintendent, Mr. Anagnos, opened with a selection of instrumental music, arranged by Mr. Joseph R. Lucier, one of the graduating class. Then followed an essay, "The Growth of Liberty," written by Edward Ware, and delivered by Lemuel Titus. This paper and all that followed were written in the direct style which gives peculiar force to the works of the blind essayists. After a chorus by male voices, an exercise in physiology, illustrated by the use of models, was given by Henry Herrick. William H. Wade performed upon the organ Bach's "Great Fugue in G Minor" with excellent effect. Miss Elizabeth Hickie's exercise upon diamonds furnished a wonderful example of the power of memory, a great variety of facts and figures concerning the celebrated gems of the world being given with accuracy. A declamation "The Present Time," was forcibly given by Arthur Hatch, and the four-part song, "Laugh, Boys, Laugh," by Messrs. Titus, Hammond, Lucier and Stratton, was most heartily enjoyed. George G. Goldthwait explained in an interesting way the manufacture of the piano, and the delicate ear and careful instruction necessary to qualify a tuner of that instrument. William H. Wade executed Liszt's difficult Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, with delicacy. An illustrated exercise in botany by Miss Ellen Hassett was well given. The school sang in chorus a selection from Rossini's "Cinderella." An essay by William H. Wade, was delivered by Henry W. Stratton, on the development of civilization, by means of coercion and conviction. In closing, Mr. Stratton

briefly bade farewell to the school in behalf of his classmates, and expressed their thanks and appreciation for the efforts of teachers and patrons of the institution. The exercises of the graduating class closed with the singing of the class song, the words and music of which were by Mr. Stratton.

Mr. Anagnos, before introducing Dr. Peabody of the Board of Trustees, to conduct the remaining exercises, with a brief prelude, presented to the Rev. Mr. Phorinus Fiske of the United States Navy, the first copy of the History of Greece, which his liberality had enabled the school to have printed in raised letters for the use of the blind. Mr. Anagnos added that by means of a recent improvement in the stereotyping process, books for the blind are now published at a considerably lessened expense than formerly, and the institution hopes through the liberality of its friends to issue other standard works.

Rev. Dr. Peabody presented Governor Littlefield of Rhode Island, who expressed his interest in the institution, and introduced Hon. J. M. Addeman, Secretary of State. The latter gentleman added his congratulations to members of the graduating class, who had been able in so great degree to make up the deficiency caused by the loss of sight. Mr. Goddard of the *Advertiser*, Rev. George A. Thayer, Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Rev. Mr. Mansfield, Dr. Tourjee, John S. Dwight and others added brief words of commendation and encouragement to the pupils in their hard struggle against such formidable obstacles.

Dr. Peabody, urging the class to even higher and nobler work in the battle before them, presented diplomas to the following named graduates:

George C. Goldthwait of Lynn, Arthur E. Hatch of Wilton, Me., Joseph R. Lucier of Worcester, Henry W. Stratton of Neponset, Lemuel Titus of St. John, N. B., William H. Wade of Lawrence, Ellen E. Hickie of Charlestown. — *Transcript*, June 29.

—A delightful musicale was given on Thursday morning, June 24, at Mr. John Orth's rooms, 12 West street, with the following programme: Fifth concerto, Beethoven, Miss Josephine Ware and Mr. Orth (two pianos); Phantasie, Max Bruch, Miss Ware and Madame Dietrich Strong; Fugue, Rheinberger, Mrs. MacKenzie; Songs, Hoffman, Mr. C. F. Webber; Songs, Schumann, Miss S. E. Bingham; Symphony, Schumann, Miss Ware, Madame Strong, Messrs. Whitney and Orth (two pianos); Polonaise, Liszt, Mr. Orth; Variations, Schumann, Miss S. S. Winslow and Mr. Orth (two pianos). The character of the selections and the brilliancy of the performances made this musicale especially noteworthy.

—The Boston Conservatory of Music gave a concert in Union Hall Saturday afternoon. The programme consisted of vocal, piano and violin solos, and violin and cornet duets, all performed by pupils of the institution. The closing number was a nocturne and terzetto, for three violins, played by some twenty-two of the smallest lads and misses belonging to the junior classes.

MUSIC ABROAD.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY. — The London *Telegraph's* correspondent (June 8), describing the Oxford Commemoration, concludes his letter as follows: —

The Oxford Philharmonic Society's Commemoration concert given in the Sheldonian Theatre this morning, was, perhaps, the most successful for many years. When we say that, instead of the usual cantata and miscellaneous afterpart, Haydn's masterpiece of the *Creation* was selected for performance, and that besides the really strong choruses of the society and the powerful co-operation of an old Oxford favorite, Herr Henschel, the services of Miss Lillian Bailey and Mr. Joseph Maas and Miss Mason had been secured; that Mr. Taylor conducted in his best style, and that the usual band, under Mr. Burnett, played with all its customary brilliance and precision, such a result cannot be wondered at.

The music of the *Creation* has been so often criticized in your columns that I need not follow it in detail, but as deserving of especial mention I would select the rendering of "With verdure clad," by Miss Bailey, who, though rather weak at times in some other of her parts, sang here with perfect finish and all the splendid compass of her voice. The fact that this charming vocalist was yesterday singing in Utrecht, and crossed the Channel only last night, would have sufficed to justify more than occasional weakness of voice; but in this particular air, and in the "On mighty wings," she was at her very best, and carried with her all the admiration of her very critical audience. Herr Henschel was in grand voice, and gave with splendid feeling the passionate music of "Rolling in foaming billows,"

and throughout the programme took all his parts with conspicuous success. Mr. Joseph Maas, in the air "In native worth," escaped a recall with difficulty, for his singing, which had been very fine throughout, culminated in the dignity and tenderness of this air, and the audience tried hard to bring the singer back. The music assigned to Eve, in the third part of the oratorio, and taken by Miss Henriette Mason was creditably rendered, but, to quote a recent American critique, "her voice exhibited a slight inaccuracy," especially at the beginning. The choruses were conspicuously bright and full, the quality of the soprano element being particularly rich, and Mr. J. Taylor, the conductor of the society, well deserved the hearty congratulations which he received from all sides. The organ was ably presided over by Mr. Parratt, the well-known and popular organist of Magdalen College, so that in every feature of the day's performance, not omitting the audience, which was as large as the theatre could hold and as brilliant as even fastidious Oxford could wish, the society's concert must be pronounced a most successful event of the present Commemoration.

LONDON. — This day (Friday), says *Figaro* of June 19, the public rehearsal for the Handel Festival will be held at the Crystal Palace, and the Festival itself will take place on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of next week. This year the Handel Festival, which was established in 1850, will attain its majority, while four years hence English amateurs will have to celebrate the bi-centenary of Handel, who was born at Halle, Upper Saxony, in 1684. English amateurs need not be told how the Festival has grown since the preliminary experiment projected by the late Mr. Bowley in 1857, and first carried out on the centenary of Handel's death in 1850. Bowley had not only to form the idea, but to work out the details of the gigantic experiment — building the great orchestra (double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's) and the great organ, causing fresh instruments to be constructed, and designing the arrangement of seats. Few minds could grasp details like that of Mr. Bowley, and the success of the Festival was due in the first instance to him. The choir of 1850 consisted of 2800 voices, and the band of 454 players, including 92 first violins, conducted without adventitious aids solely by the bâton of Sir Michael Costa. The orchestra is now slightly reduced, and the chorus increased, the true balance being thus, it is hoped, found. The acoustic properties of the Central Transept, too, are also greatly improved, and the present Festival promises to be, both from an art and financial point of view, one of the most successful yet held. Outsiders know little of the magnitude of the details such an enterprise demands. To give an idea, in the department of the librarian alone, the "parts" for chorus and orchestra would, if piled one on the other, reach higher than the Central Transept, and these have to be placed each on its appointed desk every morning of the Festival. The slightest hitch would cause disaster, and when the audience watch that enormous body of executants set in motion, and keeping time like clockwork to the beat of the 18-inch wand of the speck in the distance we know to be Sir Michael Costa, they may imagine the trouble and organization necessary to accomplish the task. The Handel Festival is essentially a national festival, for the chorus and orchestra are drawn from the best voices in nearly 100 towns in the United Kingdom.

The *Messiah* was the oratorio for June 21, and *Israel in Egypt* for June 25; on the 23d a selection was sung from *Solomon*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Alexander's Feast*, and other works.

—The special attraction which sufficed to fill every seat at the final Richter concert on Monday, was indisputably the choral symphony of Beethoven. The performance of the Mozart symphony in G minor was a mistake, for with so great a body of strings the not very excellent wind of the Richter orchestra could not fail to be swamped. The introduction and death-scene from "Tristan und Isolde" was, of course, a repetition from a previous concert, but the marvelously delicate performance made it

well worth hearing again, even to the exclusion of a newer work. When, however, after a brief interval, Herr Richter took up the bâton, and without a score before him commenced the direction of the choral symphony, it was obvious that this was to be the crowning point of a fine series of concerts. As is not unusual with Herr Richter, the performance of the first movement was a partial disappointment, and amateurs have heard equally fine, and perhaps superior, renderings at the Crystal Palace under Mr. Manns, and at the Viard-Louis concerts under Mr. Weist Hill. But from this point there was a steady increase of excellence. The scherzo, and especially the trio, were admirable, while the slow movement offered one of the most beautiful readings of Beethoven's music Herr Richter has given us. The special clearness of the parts in the recitative did not escape notice; and, indeed, in this and the two preceding sections there were many beautiful effects gained by *nuances* which were quite new to many of the audience. It was, however, reserved for the vocal movement to show Herr Richter at his greatest. Rarely in London is the final section of the work performed in any other than a slovenly manner, and, indeed, it is, owing to difficulties which are often thought well-nigh insuperable, not unseldom omitted altogether. The four soloists — Misses Friedländer and Hohenschild, Messrs. Candidus and Henschel — indeed, were somewhat overweighted by the trying nature of the music, and the tenor and the soprano, both excellent artists in their special line, obviously found the choral symphony beyond their capabilities. The fine chorus of 200 voices, however, had been well selected and thoroughly trained by Herr Theodore Frantzen, and they united with the orchestra in giving such a rendition of the final movement as few London audiences have heard. The bald and often silly English translation was very wisely abandoned, and the vocal parts were sung to the original text of Schiller. Every amateur is aware of the terribly trying character of the choral parts, and the manner in which they were performed by Herr Frantzen's choir was worthy of all praise. Old concert-goers claimed that no such performance of the choral symphony had been heard in London since Berlioz conducted it at the New Philharmonic concert in 1852, and it certainly has not been so magnificently rendered within the memory of the large majority of those who were present on Monday. The choral symphony was a worthy conclusion of a splendid series of concerts. — *Ibid.*

—The début of the rising son of the retiring Sims Reeves was a topic which "Cherubino" (*Figaro*, June 19) would naturally discourse about with interest. It was in one of Mr. Ganz's concerts. We copy as follows:

When young Mr. Herbert Reeves stepped for the first time in his life, upon a public platform at St. James' Hall on Saturday, he was naturally received with a roar of welcome. There was something so peculiarly suited to English tastes in the spectacle of a great and popular tenor — well-nigh sixty years of age and who had been more than thirty years an honored representative of his art — in the autumn of his life bequeathing, as it were, his beloved son as a legacy to the public he has served so well, that if Mr. Herbert Reeves had been the veriest pretender on earth he would still have been as heartily cheered for his father's sake. His friends — and there was not a member of that vast audience who was not Mr. Sims Reeves' friend or admirer — were aware that the peculiarly nervous temperament of the father had been sorely tried in expectation of his son's début. Sleep, we know, had been banished from his father's eyes for nights before the afternoon of the eventful day, and if it had been necessary that Sims Reeves should throw his fortune and the high popularity which have rewarded his labor of years into the scale to assure his son's success, the sacrifice would have been cheerfully and gladly accorded. Happily, nothing of the sort was needed, and Mr. Herbert Reeves, for what a young artist of twenty-two can pretend to be, can very easily afford to throw aside all considerations of parentage, and to stand as an artist before the public on his own merits. His first appearance on the platform bore traces of a mother's care and a father's example: two benefits and virtues which must always enlist the deepest sympathies of a British audience. The dress, the personal appearance, the bow, first to the audience and then to the orchestra, the well-known Sims Reeves pose, the holding of the sheet of music in the exact line of the emission of the sound from the throat, and the curious wag of the head which everybody who has ever heard his father will readily recollect, all recalled Mr. Sims Reeves as we

have so long known him. Mr. Herbert Reeves first sang the trivial air, "Alma Soave," from Donizetti's happily forgotten opera, "Maria di Rohan," produced at Covent Garden in 1847; and, under the conductorship of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, he was subsequently heard to far better effect in the air, "Refrain thy Voice from Weeping," from the somnolent oratorio "The Light of the World," and to still better advantage in the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, conducted by Mr. Ganz. To expect a matured voice from a young gentleman of twenty-two would, every member of the audience felt, be too exacting. At present, indeed, the voice of Mr. Herbert Reeves is that of a very light tenor, incapable yet of declamation or power, but just fitted for the music he undertook. He was, after he left the care of his mother—once Miss Lucombe—placed under Mr. Sims Reeves' old teacher, Signor Mazzucato, and, on that gentlemen's death, under the tuition of Signor Lamperti, at Milan. But the influence of the father is so distinctly traceable in the style of the son that it is difficult to believe he ever had any other professor. We have in Mr. Herbert Reeves the same purity of phrasing which has ever characterized Sims Reeves, the same keen ear for correct intonation, the same faultless system of emission, and the same lovely quality of voice which, in years gone by, rendered Sims Reeves an English artist distinguished even among the Italians. There were old concert-goers among the audience who stoutly declared that, in his early years, the voice of the father was no stronger than that of the son is now; and that vigor and power came with maturity. That this freak of nature will be repeated in the case of Mr. Herbert Reeves will be hoped by all who respect his father. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to know that his organ—at present the organ of Sims Reeves at half power—will be watched and nurtured with a parent's care, and that, until his voice attains its full development, he will not be permitted to attempt tasks which are beyond his strength.

PARIS.—We are indebted to the industrious gleaner of the *Musical World* (London), for the following "Scraps":

At the Opera, the ballet of *Sylvia*, with its charming music slightly touched up by M. Delibes, has been revived, Mlle Sangalli making her re-appearance, after a considerable absence, in her original part. What with her dancing and the charming score, the revival has proved a trump card. . . . A new Valentina, Madame Montalba, has made her debut in *Les Huguenots*. Though extremely nervous she made a favorable impression, which she strengthened at a second performance. . . . In order to vary his somewhat limited repertory, M. Vaucorbeil resolved to give a series of Historical Concerts, but the series will probably not be a long one. The realization of his project has cost him a vast deal of money and trouble, with little prospect of an adequate return. A considerable sum was spent in re-arranging the stage, with the sole result of proving the bad acoustic qualities of M. Garnier's brilliant house, and the experiment was abandoned as a bad job; the gentlemen of the orchestra re-occupying their usual places. The programme of the first concert included pieces from Lull's *Alceste* (1674); Rameau's *Fêtes d'Hebe* (1739); Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* (1779); Gretry's *Anacréon* (1797); and Rossini's *Moïse* (1827). The second part of the concert was devoted entirely to *La Vierge*, a sacred legend in four parts, words by M. Grandmougin, music by M. J. Massenet, the four parts being entitled, respectively: "L'Annonciation," "Les Noces de Cana," "Le Calvaire," and "L'Assommoir." Though the merits of the new work were duly appreciated, the general opinion is that a theatre is not the place for music of this description, and the public were much more interested in the mundane compositions which preceded. If this was evident at the first concert, it was still more so at the second, and the chances are that M. Vaucorbeil will quietly and quickly return to his ordinary class of entertainment and hurry on the production of *Le Comte Ory*, which has been in rehearsal for a considerable period. Another work now in rehearsal is *Guillaume Tell*, in which Mlle. Edith Ploux will make her debut as Jenny. . . . M. Carvalho has been doing well at the Comique. The returns for April were 175,000 francs, and subsequent receipts were to match. The first twenty-five performances of *Jean de Nivelle* brought in some 200,000 francs. On the other hand, M. Carvalho's expenses are very heavy, no less than 120,000 francs a month, irrespective of author's fees and the *droit des pauvres* as well as the outlay for new works and revivals of old ones, such as *Le Domino Noir*, for instance, which has been put upon the stage with the greatest care, and with a pious restitution of the original text and score. Mlle. Isaac especially distinguished herself as Angele, the character "created" by Madame Damoreau in 1831. This young lady, who has been gradually becoming more and more popular, never appeared to greater advantage. The representatives of the other personages, also, were entitled to high praise. . . . A new one-act comic opera, *La Fée*, words by M. Feuillet, music by M. Hemery, organist at Saint-Lo, is in rehearsal; so is *Le Signal*, by MM. Dubreuil, and Puget; and *L'Amour Médecin* by MM. Poise and Monselet. *Galante Aventure*, by MM. Silvestre and Davyl, music by M. Guiraud, will be the first novelty next winter. It will be succeeded by *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* by MM. Barbier and Offenbach, and then will come probably an opera as yet to be written by M. Delibes. The book by MM. Gondinet and Gille, has for its principal personage the well-known Jacques Callot, the great delineator of Bohemianism. . . . Madame Engali has left the company, and will soon start for Moscow. Madame Sbolgi, who succeeded her as Meala in *Paul et Virginie*

at the Theatre-Lyrique, is engaged in her place. . . . Repeating his experiment of last year, M. Leroy, the tenor-manager, has opened the Theatre du Chateau-d'Eau with *Siféris roi*. This is to be followed by *Le Bijou perdu* and *La Fanchonnette*. He has a good company and deserves to succeed. . . . The Fine Art Sub-Committee's report has, after considerable discussion, been adopted by the General Committee, and will be laid before the Chamber. It proposes to maintain the annual grants made to the Opera and the Opera-Comique; 800,000 and 300,000 francs respectively. A sum of 10,000 francs is set down for the installation of the library of the Opera in the pavilion originally destined for the "head of the state," i. e., Napoleon III. The collection of models of scenery which figured in the Exhibition of 1878, will be added to the library, and the whole open to the public. The 20,000 francs for the Pasdeloup and the 10,000 for the Colonne Concerts are continued. . . . The "Festival" organized for the benefit of M. Pasdeloup at the Trocadero was a grand affair. The huge building was crammed with an immense concourse, anxious to show how much they esteemed the founder of the Concert Populaires, in honor of whom Madame Fides Devries, who left so prematurely the Opera where she was so triumphant, and M. Alard, emerged from their retirement once more to delight the public. Faure, too, so seldom, alas, now heard in Paris, was there, and at his best. M. Guilmant presided at Cavaille-Coll's magnificent organ, and held the vast audience enraptured by his mastery over the king of instruments. MM. Gounod, Reyher, Delibes, Godard, Guiraud, Joncieres, and Lalo swelled the ranks of volunteers in the good cause, each conducting a composition of his own. . . . Writing to *Le Ménestrel*, a "Vieillard" says: "Madame Malibran was celebrated the moment she came out, and instantly proclaimed without a rival. I recollect that, one evening, having promised her services at a concert given by an artist in distress, she came late. On arriving, all out of breath, she excused herself by stating that she had first to appear at a party given by the Duc d'Orleans (this was previous to July, 1830); after the concert she handed a small purse to the lady for whose benefit the concert was organized: 'My dear,' she said, 'this belongs to you, since I promised you my evening. It is what the Duc d'Orleans gave me.' The small purse was opened; it contained three hundred francs in gold! . . . Now-a-days, it is said, an Israelitish banker, who is not only rich, but liberal and charitable, gives Madame Patti ten bank notes, of a thousand francs each, to sing at a party in his house. Artists must have greatly gone up in merit during the last fifty years, or money must have gone down very much in value. . . . Chopin's monument in Pere-la-Chaise was erected in 1849 by a subscription among his friends. Those who undertook the care of it are dead, and an appeal has been made to the surviving friends and to the admirers of the deceased for funds to ensure the preservation of his tomb. The Princess Marceline Czartoryski, the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, Prince Ladislav Czartoryski, MM. C. Dubois, A. d'Eichtal, Franchomme, and Ch. Gavard have formed themselves into a committee to receive subscriptions. The amount of each subscription is limited to 20 francs. . . . Mlle Krauss has been decorated with the Cross of Venezuela; she was already an "Officier d'Academie" here. . . . M. Victor Masse, the composer of *Paul et Virginie*, is busy at St. Germain on his new score, *Cléopâtre*. . . . Mlle Marimon has returned here from America. . . . A petition is in course of signature to the Deputies of the Seine begging them to obtain a government grant for a Popular Opera. . . . Madame Panseon has presented the library of the Conservatory with a number of Italian scores, dating from the end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century. Besides scores by Jomelli, Sarti, Tarchi, Cimarosa, Martini, Porpora and Searlatti, the collection includes a book containing the part-chants formerly in use at the Sixtine Chapel. Another portion of the lady's gift is all the sacred music composed by her late husband.

COLOGNE.—As it began, so it continued, a great success, the Festival of the Lower Rhine. One of the principal features of the second day was the performance of Schumann's A Minor Concerto by Mme. Schumann. When she concluded, the audience burst out into a hurricane of applause, and the orchestra gave a "Tusch," or flourish. Another attraction was Ferdinand Hiller's remarkable cantata, *Die Nacht*, one of the most effective and most inspired works the venerable master ever wrote. It produced as deep an impression at this Festival as it did on its first production eighteen years ago. The composer received an "ovation," one factor in which was the presentation to him of two laurel wreaths. The programme included, also another cantata: Bach's "Pingscantate," or "Whitsuntide Cantata," and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. On the third day, half the programme was, as usual, devoted to the solo artists, and Joachim achieved a triumph by his magnificent rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World*.

DRESDEN.—Carl August Krebs, the well-known Capellmeister, died here on May 16, at the ripe age of seventy-six, honored by all musical Germany. The *Musical World* (London) says of him:

The career of Herr Krebs, if neither brilliant nor romantic, was that of a man devoted heart and soul to the work he undertook. His was not the world-wide mission of a Beethoven or a Mozart. But with what success he labored in a more restricted sphere, the

record of his life and the testimony so amply borne since his death put in the clearest light. From a very early age his inclination towards music was determined and irresistible. The good lady and well-known vocalist, Mme. Krebs, who adopted him on the death of his mother, Mme. Miedke, and whose name he took, destined him for the pulpit. But as with many another born musician, so with Krebs. He gravitated into the profession of the art divine as by a natural law, and at twenty-three years of age found himself musical director of the Hamburg Theatre. In that post he remained until 1850, meanwhile using the composer's pen as industriously as the conductor's baton. It was here that he produced his successful opera, *Agnes Benauren*, a work still spoken of with admiration. In 1851, Krebs removed to Dresden, and dwelt in that city for the rest of his life. Till 1872 he discharged the functions of capellmeister at the Royal Chapel and Opera, removing then to the Catholic Cathedral, to the service of which he devoted his whole energies. His Dresden period was prolific in works for the pianoforte, songs, and church music, no small proportion of which obtained more than local recognition. Herr Krebs's first wife having died at Hamburg, he contracted a second marriage soon after his removal to Dresden, his choice falling upon Mlle. Aloysia Michalesi, one of the court singers. This lady became the mother of the Marie Krebs (the pianist, who visited America some years ago), whom a German paper has just described as the "greatest pride and joy" of the worthy capellmeister's life.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AURORA, N. Y., JUNE 21.—The Thirty-Fifth (Commencement) Concert at Wells College took place June 15, under the direction of Mr. Max Piutti. We give the programme:

1. Trio: "Calm is the glassy ocean," (from "Idomeneo.") Mozart.
- Misses A. Ames, N. Pettibone, Walker, White.
2. Valse Caprice, Op. 116 Raff.
- Misses Storrs.
3. a. "Thou'rt Like a Lovely Flower." Rubinstein.
- b. Dedication. Schumann.
- Miss Boynton.*
4. Dance of Gnomes Liszt.
- Miss Annie Pettibone.
5. a. Slumber Song Franz.
- b. Who is Sylvia? Schubert.
- Miss Nettie Pettibone.
6. Capriccio in B minor, Op. 22 Mendelssohn.
- Piano primo: Miss Shepard.
1. Concerto in E minor, (Romance.) Chopin.
- Piano Primo: Miss Goldsmith.
2. Concerto in G minor, (Presto) Mendelssohn.
- Piano primo: Miss Kendall.
3. Cavatina: "Although a cloud o'erspread the heavens." (From "Freischuetz.") Weber.
- Miss Agnes Ames.
4. Spinning Song Wagner-Liszt.
- Miss Nettie Pettibone.
5. a. Slumber Song, (from "Snowdrop.") Reinecke.
- b. Boat Song Proch.
- Choral Class.

* Absent.

The Department of Music of Wells College closes with this concert its most successful year. We learn that during the year twelve concerts have been given by the teachers and artists from elsewhere. Mr. W. H. Sherwood took part in three concerts. Mr. Piutti has delivered twenty-eight musical lectures. This College enjoys a wide popularity, partly for its musical work, as shown by the large number of pupils from all parts of the country.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JUNE 19.—The Arion Club has just given its fourth concert of the season. The programme ought to have been *Elijah* entire; but bad management, and singular perversity of view on Mr. Tomlins's part, resulted first in repeated changes of plan and waste of time in rehearsals, and finally in a programme made up of one-half of *Elijah* and some selections from the *Creation*. Moreover, a series of accidents disabled three out of the four soloists engaged, and prevented the use of an orchestra, so that a complete failure was feared. However, the singers were on their mettle, Mr. Tomlins braced up for a vigorous effort, and the choruses went well, on the whole. Mrs. Carrington was the principal soloist, and acquitted herself nobly. Mr. Knorr and Mrs. Hayden did creditable work. Mr. Tomlins himself sang the part of *Elijah* very effectively.

Conductor Bach has begun summer concerts at Schiltz's Park. I have no programmes.

I append the closing programme of the Milwaukee College Musical Department, where Mr. John C. Fillmore is in charge:

1. Sonata in C major. (Allegro moderato, Andante cantabile, Allegretto.) Mozart.
- Miss Georgiana Paine.
2. Arabesque, Op. 18 Schumann.
- Miss Carrie J. Smith.
3. Berceuse Chopin.
- Miss Orelle Turner.
4. Silver Spring Wm. Mason.
- Miss Anna Camp.
5. Cascade Pauer.
- Miss Lizelle Paine.
6. Spinning Song Litoff.
- Miss Jessie Medbery.
7. Fantasia on Themes from "Faust," Liszt.
- Miss Kate A. Stark.

